

AN: Time for another *Poison* story! How will Sarafina get on with her new job as a drug dealer? There's only one way to find out...

Poison

Bora Ya Juu

"Who the hell are you?"

Sarafina scowled at the sight of Hila. He was one of the more obnoxious addicts she had come across in the jungle during her time as a Sumu user. It seemed that he was high every moment of every day. She was surprised he could even see two paws in front of his face right now.

Most of the animals – or, as Sarafina liked to call them, 'useless slime' – were staring at her in confusion. Obviously, they weren't used to having a new dealer. Timon and Pumbaa must have been slinging drugs for quite some time. Maybe before Sumu even existed. She wouldn't dismiss the possibility.

"Timon and Pumbaa are dead," Sarafina announced. "They were losers. They didn't know a joint from a pile of Sumu. I'm your new dealer. I know a lot more than they did. Trust me... things are gonna get a lot wilder from now on."

"Yeah!"

A new voice had spoken.

The users watched in bemusement as a cub pushed his way past the animals, grinning at Sarafina.

She recognised him as Moto: a rather pathetic little stoner who she'd slept with more times than she cared to remember.

"Come on, guys – it's Sarafina!" Moto exclaimed. "I've known her for ages. If anyone knows how to snort Sumu, then it's her! These parties are gonna be ten times as good as they were!"

"Yeah!" Sarafina agreed, hoping that the other animals would

follow her lead. "There's plenty of weed and S to go around, guys. Smoke it, snort it, inject it – whatever. It's all good. Now, let's get this party started!"

The animals eventually seemed to cotton on to the idea of a new dealer, and were soon forming an awkward line in front of Sarafina. It was clear that nothing could keep the fools away from their drugs for too long.

That pleased Sarafina. She knew how the users worked. They were desperate for their next fix. All she had to do was give them the drugs, sit back and watch as they rotted away into skeletons. In the end, the Sumu would do what it was supposed to.

Kill them.

Moto was the first in line, brandishing a wad of money in front of Sarafina's face. It had to be at least one thousand dollars. Sumu cost a lot these days...

"Hey, sexy," Moto greeted her. "Did ya sleep with the boss to get this kind of promotion? And I thought our nights were steamy enough..."

Sarafina resisted the urge to growl as she stared at him. *He could be the father*, she thought. *That little rat...*

Instead, she smiled. "What can I get you, Moto?"

"Bag of S," Moto smiled. "The usual."

Sarafina – as though she had been doing this all her life – plucked a bag of Sumu from the sleigh without even looking. She threw it up in the air, snatching the money from Moto's paw before catching the bag again. She then tossed it to the cub.

"Knock yourself out," Sarafina said. "You probably will."

There was a little "ooh" of amazement from the other users at her trick.

"Wow – this pussy has got skills!" one cried.

"I wouldn't mind smokin' it up with her!" another exclaimed.

Sarafina chuckled.

She had them right where she wanted.

The next few hours passed by without incident. Sarafina sold her drugs with the same level of charm as she did when serving Moto. All the animals were quick to take a liking to her. She was happy to provide them with their filthy drugs and watch as they got high, unaware that it would only be months – weeks, even – before they choked to death on their own vomit. If she were a cheesy villain, Sarafina would have laughed evilly at that moment.

This is going pretty well, Sarafina thought, pleased. I think I've sold to just about everyone by now.

"Come on, Amri... There's nothing to be scared of," said a voice from in front of the lioness.

Sarafina looked up to see two cubs approaching her. A male and a female. The female looked rather nervous.

"I'm just not sure about this, Muerto," said Amri. "I don't normally go to these kind of places before..."

"Moto told us it was great here," Muerto said. "And he's cool. We can trust him."

"Hey." Sarafina greeted them with her typical happy smile. "First timers, eh?"

The two cubs nodded meekly. Sarafina could tell that they were worried about just being there, never mind asking for drugs.

"A friend told us about these parties," Muerto informed her, his voice shaky. "Moto."

"Moto? I know him," Sarafina said. "Pretty wild guy, isn't he?"

The two cubs chuckled. They liked Sarafina already. She seemed very nice.

"Yeah," said Muerto. "He told us about the... well, you know..."

Sarafina tried to be as kind as possible with them. It was her job to attract new users to the drugs. These two cubs were obviously very hesitant – but she would have them on something before the end of the night. She was sure of that.

"The drugs?" Sarafina finished for him. The two cubs nodded. "Well, it's what everyone does around here for fun."

"But why?" asked Amri. She looked the more unwilling of the two.

"It makes ya feel good," Sarafina said. "Believe me, once you've had a joint or two, you'll forget about all your worries. Weed is good to start with."

"Weed?" said Muerto. "Is it like... like medicine?"

"Of course it is," Sarafina said, causing the two cubs to breathe a sigh of relief.

She smiled sinisterly, knowing that she had allayed their fears now by using the word 'medicine'. She was preying on their naivety. As far as they knew, she was a responsible adult, and advocating the use of these substances would wipe away any doubts they had.

"It makes you feel better," Sarafina said. "*Much* better."

"Well, I suppose I could try some..." Muerto said, tempted by her words.

"Here..." Sarafina picked up a joint from the sleigh of drugs – she had already sold most of them by now – and lit the end of it. "Try one. On the house."

Muerto studied the joint nervously. "Well... if you say so..."

The cub stuck the joint in his mouth. He breathed in a lungful of

smoke. "Wow... that feels... that feels kinda good!" The cub's mind was already clouded with euphoria. The effects were quite strong on a cub at that age.

"How about you?" Sarafina turned her attention to Amri.

"Well... um... I'm not sure," the cub replied, still rather worried. "My mom kinda said not to do stuff like this... She said it was bad for you."

"Not this stuff," Sarafina said, holding up another joint in front of the cub's face. "It's good. Just ask Muerto."

Muerto giggled, his eyes red-rimmed. "It's great, Amri," he said. "You've gotta try some."

"See?" said Sarafina, her smile widening. "Not harmful at all. It just makes you happy."

"Um... okay, then," Amri said, gently taking the joint from Sarafina's paw and popping it into her mouth. "Oh... wow..."

It was exactly fifty minutes later that the two cubs were both hooked on Sumu.

"Seriously, Sarafina," Moto said, lying beside her as he smoked a joint. "You're way better than Timon and Pumbaa. Everyone's hip and hopping tonight."

Sarafina pulled a face of disgust as she observed a Mixer that was taking place a few feet in front of her. "I can see that."

Moto took a drag from his joint. "I hope this lasts for ever," he said. "Seriously. We should be partying all the time. With you here, it's gonna be better than ever! *Bora ya juu!* Ha-ha-ha!"

"What?" Sarafina narrowed her eyes at the intoxicated cub. His eyes were red, and he was giggling upon uttering the little foreign phrase; he was quite clearly at the peak of his high. "What does that mean?"

"What does what mean?" Moto asked, coughing slightly. "Jeez,

that Sumu is making my chest burn... I need a few more joints."

"Whatever you just said," Sarafina said. "*Bora...* What was it?"

"*Bora ya juu*, Sarafina!" Moto said. "It means 'high quality'. That's what this stuff is, Sarafina. High quality."

Sarafina couldn't help but chuckle. "*Bora ya juu*," she said. The words just seemed to roll off her tongue – much like the ecstasy she had taken during a particularly wild party – in a satisfying way. "It's better than *hakuna matata*."

"Screw that trash," Moto said. "*Bora ya juu! Woo!*" He offered his joint to Sarafina. "Come on – let's smoke this place dry!"

Sarafina stared at the pot cigarette. Just for a moment – a few scant seconds – she considered taking it from his paw and forgetting about all her troubles for another night, as she had done in the past previously.

But she quickly thought of her adamant decision to quit. *You take that, you're gonna regret it, girl*, she told herself. *Plus you've gotta keep thinking about your baby*.

Sarafina's gaze shifted towards her baby bump. She placed a paw tenderly against it, wondering how much more drugs would be able to mess it up. The weed, the Sumu – everything she had used in the past – all contributed to how poor her baby's health would be.

She wouldn't allow it to come to any more harm. She wouldn't.

"Nah." Sarafina pushed his paw gently away. "I've stopped smoking weed, Moto."

"Stopped smoking weed?" Moto exclaimed, his eyes widening. "Are you high?"

"I don't like it anymore," Sarafina said with a shrug. "Besides, it's bad for the business if I keep smoking what I'm trying to sell. I've gotta keep a cool head on things."

"The weed chills us out, man," Moto said, taking another puff of his joint. "What else are we gonna do to just relax and unwind?"

"Don't you have anything else to do, Moto?" Sarafina was surprised that she was asking a question like that.

Moto shrugged his shoulders. "No," he said simply. "I just want to have fun and enjoy myself. Party all night, baby!"

"But... don't you have a family?" Sarafina pressed further. "Someone who cares about you?"

God, I sound like Detective Dumbo, she thought disdainfully. As if being associated with him wasn't bad enough. Now she was *becoming* like him.

"My mother kicked me out months ago," Moto said, inhaling more smoke into his lungs. "She found the weed I kept hiding from her. You should have seen her – she was crying and screaming like a little whiny mouse."

"What about your father?" Sarafina questioned. "How did he feel about it?"

"Dad would've been fine with it," Moto said, his expression suddenly showing anger. "He was always cool about everything."

"How do you know?" Sarafina said.

"Because he gave me my first hit," Moto told her, much to Sarafina's horror. "Yeah – cool, isn't it? From the moment I had that joint, I was hooked. It made me feel like... like my life actually meant something. This gives me pleasure. *Lots* of it. My dad was the greatest."

The cub then frowned. "And then... he died. Cocaine overdose. Awesome way to go. I'm gonna go out trippin' – just like him."

Sarafina could only stare at Moto in horror. *Jesus Christ...*

And it was in that moment – watching the high cub who had completely thrown his life away – that Sarafina truly realised the ramifications of these drugs.

He's just a kid, Sarafina thought, unable to comprehend how this cub had been roped into taking drugs at such an early age – by his father, no less. It was disturbing. *He's just a goddamn kid...*

Oh, God...

Sarafina's head jerked upwards, and she found herself looking at all of the animals at the party.

They were all on drugs. All of them.

Oh, my God.

Sarafina couldn't believe that she had been so stupid. What was she doing here? She was selling drugs – goddamn *drugs* – to other animals. Ruining their lives.

Oh, my God...

She remembered the two cubs from earlier – Muerto and Amri – and how she had gotten them hooked on drugs for life. They would both be dead within months.

My God... What have I done?

Sarafina was shaking. Chilled to the bone. All this time she had spent searching for revenge, and all it had done was made her feel worse.

No... No, no, no...

Sarafina stared straight ahead at the chaos of the party. The chaos that she had caused.

She knew what she had to do.

This party's over.

Sarafina hurried over to a nearby bush, sticking her paw inside.

She eventually found what she was looking for.

A pistol.

She remembered that Timon had often kept his weapons hidden in the clearing. There was no telling when he might need to use them...

Sarafina raised the gun, and fired three shots into the air.

All of the animals stopped dead, staring at her.

"All of you!" Sarafina yelled, addressing the animals. "Get out of here! *Now!*"

"What?" called Hila, staring in confusion.

"You heard me!" Sarafina snapped, aiming the gun at him. All of the other animals backed away in fear. "*Get out!*"

"Uh... toodles."

The users all quickly scarpered, emptying the clearing completely and leaving Sarafina on her own.

She lowered the pistol, allowing it to drop lifelessly to the ground.

The lioness simply gazed into space, ashamed of her actions that night.

I've killed people... she thought, thinking of all those who had become addicted to the drug. *I've killed them...*

She was filled with an indescribable feeling of dread. Sarafina truly thought that she could sink no lower after this... The money didn't matter more. Neither did the baby. Nothing did.

"You idiot..." Sarafina said to herself, tears streaming from her eyes. "You idiot..."

"What the hell are you doing?"

Sarafina looked upwards—

—and came face to face with Detective TPYMK.

To Be Continued...

AN: Ha-ha-ha! Now, isn't *that* a nasty cliffhanger? Let's see how you feel about Sarafina now...